cooking, cohabitation & boys falling off stools
Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/4627797.

Rating:
Teen And Up Audiences

Archive Warning:
No Archive Warnings Apply

Category:
M/M

Fandom:
Gossip Girl

Relationship:
Nate Archibald/Dan Humphrey

Characters:
Nate Archibald, Dan Humphrey

Language:
English

Collections:
Rare Pair Fest 2015

Stats:
Published: 2015-08-22 Words: 1,962 Chapters: 1/1

cooking, cohabitation & boys falling off stools

by nereid

Summary

Cohabitation in Brooklyn, it turns out, can be tons of fun.

Nate hates summer sometimes. Not always, but sometimes, like when his hair sticks annoyingly to his neck and forehead and the pavement and concrete seem to be heating everything up even after the sun's already set. God, he hates summer so much right now, taking the stairs to Dan's loft two at a time.

When Nate unlocks the door, stupid lock threatening to jam up again, and Nate smiles in victory, and the first thing he says to Dan is "Didn't you say you'd get that fixed?" Only after asking Dan, he remember Dan shouldn't actually be here, because he has a date with that girl Nate can't seem to remember the name to. Lana? Dana? Dan's sprawled on the couch lazily, but still in his black pants and shirt, watching something in black and white on tv and drinking beer, all of which, Nate has enough experience to know, are not good signs.

"Tomorrow," Dan says, and he sounds a bit out of it, too.

“I hope that’s cold beer,” Nate says and Dan nods, apparently immersed in the movie, not looking up at Nate.

On the second look, this might be an even below average night for Dan. He’s usually fairly neat, Nate noticed in the last months, and maybe he’s not Chuck neat, color coded suits and matching ties in perfect order in a walk-in closet, but he always makes sure to put away his clothes properly when he comes home, and now, Nate can see his suit jacket thrown across one of the kitchen stools, and Dan's shoes (with socks still in them) under the stool.

"Hey, man, how'd it go?" Nate asks, hanging the jacket on the coat rack by the door. Dan looks up at him for the first time, and even pauses the movie. The girl in black and white is looking, with what Nate supposes is longing, at a man wearing a suit, and Dan is looking at Nate. This is not an unusual scene for them, being here, in Brooklyn. With Rufus living with Lily, and Jenny gone to London, Blair and Serena leaving spontaneously for Tuscany, and Chuck following the next day, Nate spent an unusual amount of time with Dan, some of it alone with him. Summer’s not any gentler on the other side of the river, and he likes the company better on this side of it anyway.

Besides, Dan turned out to be a surprisingly good cook, or at least he is when he can be bothered to actually cook, and he tells fun stories while he cooks and seems to like having Nate around. And anyway, Nate's a happy consumer of Dan's cooking experiments, and a good

listener. He also makes good coffee, and he doesn't get annoyed with Dan when he argues intensely with his word processor.

All of this meaning mostly that cohabitation in Brooklyn is more fun than Nate could have predicted.

"I got dumped again," Dan manages weakly, while Nate's taking off his shoes and placing them under the coat rack.

"What happened?"

Nate asks and rolls up the sleeves of his white button-up. It's hot in here, damn it.

"Oh, she got back with her ex. It was actually very touching, he stormed into the restaurant with pink balloons while we were ordering. He proposed to her before we got to anything more substantial than wine."

"Man, that's harsh." Nate opens himself a beer.

"Yeah, tell me about it," Dan says and takes another gulp of the beer.

"You?" Dan asks now, and Nate's not sure what to tell him.

"She cancelled, but I'm pretty sure she plans on never seeing me again," Nate says and takes a cold beer out of the fridge.

"So what now?" Dan asks him.

"What now?"

"It's 10 pm, the night - as they say, my friend - is still young, ," Dan says.

"Nah, not for me. I think I'll just hang around here, if you don't mind."

"Hey, mi casa e su casa," Dan says in lousy sounding Spanish.

"Thanks, man."

Dan smiles at this, and gets off the couch.

"Hey, you wanna eat something?"

"If you're cooking, sure,"

Nate smiles coyly. He's been managing to avoid embarrassing himself with his lack of cooking skills so far.

"Yeah, on second thought, Nate, why don't you cook us something tonight?"

Dan raises an eyebrow.

"Do you want your obituary to say you died from an Upper East Sider poisoning you in your own home?"

"Yeah, no one would buy that an Upper East Sider came to Brooklyn, especially not to poison me. And anyway, my obituary can say whatever the hell I want it to."

"Still, man."

"Eh, fine, I'm letting you off the hook, for now. But once when I'm not half starved to death, I'm teaching you how to cook. Basics, at least."

"Whatever you say, Dan," Nate says, glad he doesn't have to try to feed them but can instead sit down and let Dan cook once more this summer. He makes a note to order them something in tomorrow, or make Dan go out and have lunch with him, because it seems like the least he could do.

In spite of claiming to be hungry, it looks to Nate like Dan isn't in a hurry. He's opening the fridge constantly, again and again, and he's only taken out milk and eggs so far, and he took those out when he opened the fridge the first time. The last three times, Dan just spent like 15 seconds staring at the fridge and doing nothing, taking out nothing at all. Cooking is a weird process, when Dan does it.

Soon, though, Dan seems to settle on some bacon, some kind of cheese Nate can't tell apart from other types of cheese and some condiments that Nate doesn't know the name to, which is like not a surprise at all.

"Tonight - " Dan exclaims dramatically, a fake French accent perfectly in place, "I shall be making - an omelet!"

Nate laughs, and Dan bows graciously. He puts on an apron, and soon, he's cracking eggs, whisking, slicing, and probably other things Nate doesn't know the proper verb for. What he's thinking though, and what's bothering him more than not knowing names for things done in the kitchen, is the lingering though at the back of his mind - Nate finally sees why people find men cooking sexy.

Obviously, he opens another bottle of beer after this. It doesn't stop whatever the hell is going on in his mind, though.

He doesn't think it means anything, but that doesn't mean he wouldn't rather be having other thoughts, less Dan-and-sexiness related thoughts, but that's wishing. In reality, Nate's wondering if it's partially the barely there hint of Dan's ass. Or maybe his arms. Dan has nice arms, he thinks. And his lips. Nate's never been a poet, never even came close, but even he thinks he could write something about Dan's lips now that might be worth a quick read.

"I just think - " Dan interrupts their silence, and Nate's thoughts of lips and poetry, "that you know, maybe there's something tragically unchangeable that's wrong with me, and that that's the reason I keep getting dumped before even getting to the food."

Dan wipes his hands into his apron, and closes his eyes for a moment.

Nate nods, trying to show understanding, and Dan takes a seat at the bar.. Drinking beer and cooking are good scenery for late night confessions.

"Don't worry. Someone will come up," he assures Dan, and if he's maybe thinking of himself, well, that's really irrelevant now.

"I get lonely, too," Nate tells him, sitting next to him on the left bar stool.

Dan turns around to face him then, and puts his right hand on Nate's cheek. This is usually completely alright - Chuck does this to Nate, Nate's done it to both Chuck and Dan, and it's never felt remotely sexual to Nate - until this, until now.

"We're going to be fine," Dan says, and when Nate leans in to kiss him, Dan loses his balance and almost falls off the stool.

Nate helps him regain his balance, and Nate's hand is on Dan's upper arm now. Purely for balance, of course.

"Is that okay?" Nate asks, tentative. He's made a fool of himself already. Maybe. At least he can be nice while he does it again.

Dan seems like he might be reacting somehow, eyebrows shooting up like he's thinking or judging or maybe thinking of a getaway plan.

"Have you ever done this before?" Dan asks.

"What, kissed a guy?"

"Yeah,"

"No. Well, Chuck once, but that was for a game," Nate doesn't say what this is, "And you?

"No," Dan answers, and he gets off the stool, and Nate stands completely still in order not to disturb Dan in whatever he wants to do. His breathing's shallow and he thinks Dan's is, too, and the thought is comforting. And if he's being honest, maybe it's a bit off a turn on, too.

Dan's lips move to his, then, tender, but still very different from all the women he's kissed. But so, so nice. Nate bites Dan's lip, and Dan moans.

Nate's operating mostly on instinct now, not much blood left for anything else, and he didn't think this is what kissing a boy would be like. Not that he gave it much thought. And then Nate moves his hands to unzip Dan's pants.

"Fuck," Dan hisses into Nate's mouth, and, *fuck*, that's another turn on he didn't know he had.

They drag each other into Dan's bedroom, teeth and skin and brave hands that exploring bodies.

Being with a guy is a lot different in some very noticeable, physical ways. There's one more cock in the whole sex process, for one thing. There's less curves, and it's less soft all around. Dan's skin doesn't feel like a girls's when he traces his fingers along his thighs, which doesn't mean it's less enjoyable to have them wrapped around his hips.

Dan's a good kisser, precise and steady and eager. He picks up on the little noises Nate makes and presses harder when Nate wants him to.

He's worried a bit, what will happen when they both get naked, and Dan seems like he might be worrying too, but Nate asks him to sit at the edge of the bed, and Dan looks like he's holding his breath.

"You look beautiful," Nate says, even if he's scared it'll sound stupid - who goes around calling guys beautiful, especially guys whose dicks they're thinking about maybe taking into their mouths, who are also their sort-of-sometimes best friends. But, again, instinct and desire prevail, and Nate kneels on the floor between Dan's naked legs.

"Let's have fun, shall we?" he says before leaning down to take Dan's dick into his mouth.

Dan breaths again. Nate licks the tip of him.

"See, fun?"

he takes his mouth away to speak. Dan rolls his eyes in response.

"Tease,"

"Shut up," Nate says and leans further down.

And Dan does.

They remember, hours later, that they still haven't eaten. Nate laughs, and he presses a kiss to Dan's chin, and he gets out of the bed, still naked.

"Come on. Weren't you gonna teach me?" Nate asks Dan, still lying on the bed, sheets covering most of him. Nate tries to pull them off, but Dan's too quick for him, and he grabs his end of the sheets, and somehow all this results in Dan on Nate's side of the bed, Nate sprawled comfortably over him.

"You're not letting me out, are you?" Nate asks. Dan nods. Nate sighs.

"Fine. We can order in," Nate concedes.

Neither of them really complains much afterwards.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!